MOTHER EARTH

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THE REVOLUTION

By B. W. BALL

THERE is no pause. Still blow resounds on blow,
The order old making to shake and reel
From base to pinnacle. To dust brought low,
Crescent and Cross the shock of ruin feel.
Shallow Reaction tries in vain to stem
The Revolution's surge, which more and more,
Drowning tiara, throne, and diadem,
Spreads undulating wide from shore to shore.
What though Priest, Kaiser, Sultan, King still sit
Sceptred and crowned above the encroaching flood?
Belshazzar's legend is above them writ,
And they grow pale before Man's altered mood.
Voices of Revolution, trumpet-clear,
Byron and Shelley, lo, your day is near!

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

ALWAYS the most indignant against the use of violence are the monopolists of violence. The monopoly of violence, represented by the State, courts, police, will not allow any kind of violence not labelled with its own stamp of thoroughly trustified violence.

If one comes to think about this state of affairs, one can see the helpless millions of "common people," drudging on without the right to resistance, to defense, even the right to carry weapons taken from them.

The saddest thing about it is, that the majority of them are steeped into such an atmosphere of humility and submission, that they consider the violence trust as beneficial, as the climax of civilization.

* * *

SAN FRANCISCO'S district attorney's office and the police did their level best "to get" Comrades Alexander Berkman and Eleanor Fitzgerald into their self-manufactured "bomb conspiracy."

However, a raid on the *"Blast"* office, the appropriation of subscription lists, and later several "interviews" at headquarters interchanged with threats and flatteries did not reveal anything except the extraordinary ignorance of the police.

Some arguments against Anarchism fired off by two pillars of the law on this occasion deserve to be preserved for posterity. Assistant District Attorney Brennan remarked to Berkman:

"Every Anarchist is a criminal. We'll hang you all, every one of you!" And detective Swanson revealed the result of his studies in economics and sociology in these words: "It's nonsense to say the land is monopolized. If you got enough money you can buy any piece of land you want."

Not succeeding in "getting" the publishers of the *"Blast"* it is now tried to kill the paper by threatening the owners of newspaper stands. Detectives try to intimidate them to refuse to handle the paper.

As the *"Blast"* is the only fearless revolutionary paper on the Pacific coast, the comrades should rally energetically to its support. A strong appeal in behalf

of the paper the reader will find in Emma Goldman's article in this issue.

* * *

THE strike of the iron ore miners in Northern Minnesota is still spreading and a truly vigorous syndicalistic spirit seems to permeate the masses. One of the good features is, that stores and kitchens have been established by the I. W. W. in order to prevent that actual hunger should drive the strikers back into servitude of the steel trust. The tools, cut throats and gunmen of the trust are busy spreading terror in the region by evicting miners' families by force from the huts, breaking up meetings, rows and brawls of the made to order brand.

To help the strikers of Mesaba Range win their fight, it should be considered a social duty by all Labor organization and individual radicals to send contributions to Wm. D. Haywood, Room 307, W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

* * *

THEODORE DREISER'S novel "The Genius," has been denounced by the New York and Cincinnati Vice Commission as "lewd and profane." Charges have been filed and the book ordered withdrawn on July 28th. Legal proceedings will follow.

According to the professional vice hunters Mr. Dreiser was "lewd" on 75 pages of his book and "profane" on 17 pages. To trace such depravity line by line and word by word must have endangered the very morals of the censor. Poor martyr of his disgusting profession!

Going to press it is just possible to squeeze in a few lines about the latest stunt of John F. Sumner, Crusader of the Society for Promotion of Vice. He raided the office of the Rebman Company, publishers of Dr. August Forel's book: "The Sexual Question." 1,300 copies of the book were confiscated. From there the raiders went to the office of the "Masses" and there took all the copies they could lay hands on, besides taking 500 copies of the September issue of the magazine which contains an advertisement of the book.

* * *

AT THE Catholic convention, held in New York, it was boasted that the Catholic church controls in the United States 7,500 schools, colleges, seminaries, universities, and other institutions, where "true religion and morality" are taught.

Still the devil is not yet defeated. A student of the School of Journalism—a true believer—reported to the convention:

"In my class there are at least ten Socialists, two avowed Anarchists, and two women who preach birth control, both in the classroom and on the campus. Socialism and Anarchism are brought into the classroom daily; notices of Socialist meetings are heralded on the blackboards and uncompromising professors are made to take up valuable time in senseless arguments with these people."

Very touching it was, when the convention adopted a resolution, demanding religious liberty in Mexico. As the facts are this "liberty" means continuation of extortion, corruption, land steals, church despotism in connection with some new rotten political dictatorship which has always found the Catholic church its true partisan.

* * *

PROFESSIONAL politicians and Labor Politicians settling strikes—that has been one of the disgusting features of the last months.

First the street car strike in New York was "settled" that way. Mayor Mitchel stepped in with some mediation dope, the result being, that the strikers were ordered back to work, the most energetic of them discharged, and that nothing was to be heard of improving their miserable conditions. Naturally, many of them grumbled and a second walkout was threatened, but again nipped in the bud by the same methods, leaving the car men at the mercy of the companies.

Plenty of the same dope is used to prevent a nation-wide railroad strike. Since weeks President Wilson—with a keen eye for election issues—is bargaining with the union leaders about the skin of the railroad workers, posing as the advocate of that hypocritical "square deal" for both sides.

The patience of the workers seems inexhaustible. They have been cheated by mediation and arbitration again and again and they know it.

If they would resolve to act directly on their own will and insight, without making themselves the pitiable object of political and other schemes, they certainly would gain their ends sooner, and besides that appear as free men and not as mere driven and ordered about subjects.

PLANNING JUDICIAL MURDER

By ALEXANDER BERKMAN

THE present situation in San Francisco reminds me forcibly of conditions that prevailed in Chicago in 1886. It was the beginning of the eight-hour movement which, starting in Chicago, gradually spread into wider channels, catching in its tremendous sweep ever larger masses of toilers East and West. The initiators and most enthusiastic advocates of the movement were the Anarchists active in the biggest labor organization of that period, the Knights of Labor. Strange as it may seem now—thirty years later—the more conservative labor elements were unqualifiedly opposed to the shorter day. The profound arguments of "impractical dreamers" and "impossible of achievement" were hurled against us then as they are today in our advocacy of the General Strike. In spite of conservative opposition, however, the eight-hour movement gained ground. Partly successful at the time, its still greater importance lay in the fact that it laid a broad foundation for its subsequent acceptance by even the most reactionary labor bodies.

It is no exaggeration to say that the eight-hour day was literally bought with the lives of our comrades then active in the Knights of Labor. The masters had determined to nip the aspirations of the workers in the bud. They used the old, old method; they decided to paralyze the movement by eliminating its most intelligent and devoted advocates. The subsequent developments are a matter of history: The brutality of the police against the strikers, the violent dispersal of the peaceful protest meeting on Haymarket Square, the Nemesis bomb thrown by a never-discovered hand, and finally the conspiracy to hang the Anarchists, as the last desperate effort of the masters to kill the movement and terrorize the people.

The gallows of Chicago—the 11th of November, 1887—will forever stand out as the blackest crime of America—and as the most convincing testimonial of our comrades' devotion to the highest ideals of humanity.

And now, thirty years later, we are facing a similar situation. I cannot help wondering, have the workers really made any progress in this country in the last quarter of a century? Have they co-operated in any move for their betterment, except as they were actually forced to do so by the pressure of the more radical elements *outside* of the unions? Have they accomplished or even attempted, anything of their own initiative?

I fear not. All the activities of labor in the last few decades have been merely defensive; labor's wage increases have by far not balanced the increased cost of living, the shorter hours have been more than offset by the killing efficiency methods, and the sum total of labor activities is exhausted in efforts to maintain their unions.

Certainly, here on the Coast labor has been on the defensive for years. In Southern California—Los Angeles and neighboring centers—the iron hand of industrial despotism has long since practically exterminated effective labor organization and cowed the workers into almost absolute submission. And now "the system" is to be extended northward to cover upper California, Oregon and Washington.

It is the open-shop fight. The masters are the aggressors. Their fighting arm is the Chamber of Commerce in San Francisco, in Portland, in Seattle, etc., and it speaks no metaphysical language. "Our inalienable right to employ whomever we will, union or non-union men," is their argument. And their right to organize for that purpose. And so far, no one can gainsay their "inalienable right." But how about the equally "inalienable right" of the workers to work for whomever *they* will, and to organize for that purpose?

Oh, but that's a horse of another color.

* * *

In San Francisco the open-shop fight is now in full swing. The Exposition had forced a temporary truce. But now that the shekels are all in, the fight has been renewed with tenfold vigor. The labor unions must be crushed, declares the Chamber of Commerce. The best way to treat strikers is to send ambulances of them to the hospital, declares Captain Robert Dollar,

millionaire ship owner and one of the shining lights of the Chamber of Commerce.

And the strikers, the unions—what is their reply? Shameful to record, the San Francisco workers, best organized of any city in the country, are taking the defensive again. In colloquial language, they've laid down. And what wonder, when the whole labor situation is dominated by P. H. McCarthy, former Mayor and absolute boss of the Building Trades Council. In no city is Labor so rotten with politics. Governor Johnson, Sheriff Finn, District Attorney Fickert, have all been elected by the labor vote. Need more be said? To a far greater degree than in any Eastern city, the unions here serve merely as a stepping stone for the advancement of political charlatans and labor grafters.

* * *

As a demonstration of their power, the Chamber of Commerce had arranged a Preparedness Parade on July 22nd. The unions, realizing that behind the parade was the open shop fight, refused to participate. Creditable as their action was, the soft-pedal spirit again dominated when the more aggressive suggestion of a counter labor Peace parade was made. The nearest approach to an anti-preparedness demonstration was the large mass meeting held a week before the preparedness parade. But the unions, as such, had no part in that demonstration. The meeting was organized by a radical, attended by a miscellaneous throng and addressed by bourgeois liberals and several labor men in an unofficial capacity.

This on-the-defence attitude of the San Francisco unions has strongly encouraged the Chamber of Commerce in its fight for the open shop. The Chamber collected a fund of $1,000,000, organized a vigilante body of One Hundred, masked by the euphonism of the Law-and-Order Committee, and has literally put itself in full control of San Francisco.

The preparedness parade was scheduled for July 22nd. Scores of warnings had been received, days in advance, by the newspapers, prominent citizens and leaders of the parade, that the latter would be attacked with a bomb. The people were kept in ignorance of these warnings, and the bomb explosion

claimed nine lives. "This is a great opportunity for the open shop," declared a leader of the Chamber of Commerce. Forthwith a number of persons were arrested and charged with responsibility for the bomb. Strange to say, the accused are the most intelligent and active men of the San Francisco labor movement. They are:

Edward D. Nolan, by far the finest personality of the local labor element, a man of clear social vision and broad sympathies, intelligent and energetic. He had but a few days previously returned from Baltimore, where he was sent as a delegate to the Machinists's Convention. Nolan was also chief of pickets in the present machinists's strike, and he has long since earned the enmity of the bosses.

Thomas Mooney, for years a member of Moulders' Union 164, is known on the Coast as the most energetic fighter for the under dog. For many years he has played an effective part in every important strike in this State. He was the active spirit of the International Workers' Defence League and has rendered valuable services in the defence of Ford and Suhr, Schmidt and Caplan, and many other similar cases. Devotion to the exploited and oppressed is the passion of his life. Because of his incorruptibility he is cordially hated by every labor faker on the Pacific slope. No wonder the United Railways tried, a few years ago, to put Mooney behind the bars. But even the farmer jury refused to credit the frame-up against him. Recently he sought to organize the motormen and conductors of the United Railways. He tried, but failed, to call a strike of the platform men a few weeks before the parade, and the United Railways marked him for their victim. They posted bulletins on the car barns, warning their men to have nothing to do with "the dynamiter Mooney," on pain of immediate discharge. The night following the posting of the bulletins, some power towers of the United Railways were blown up, and those who knew smiled at this obvious attempt of the street car company to "get" Mooney by the peculiarly "timely" branding of Mooney as a dynamiter.

W. K. Billings is a former president of the Boot and

Shoe Workers' Union. He has for years been active in labor struggles, and the bosses had once before succeeded in railroading him to prison on a fake charge in connection with strike troubles in this city.

Israel Weinberg is an Executive Board member of the Jitney Bus Operators' Union, which has incurred the enmity of the United Railways by seriously embarrassing its gate receipts. The street car company is trying to drive the jitneys off the principal streets, and the opportunity to discredit the Jitney Bus Union by charging a prominent member with murder, was not to be lost by District Attorney Fickert, whom the United Railways had helped to office to quash indictments against their corrupt officials. Which he promptly did.

Mrs. Rena Mooney, the wife of Tom Mooney, is a well-known music teacher. An energetic and devoted woman, her arrest was a police *coup* to prevent her efforts in behalf of Mooney.

Briefly, the accused are all men who long since became a thorn in the flesh of the bosses of San Francisco—some of them even of the labor bosses. Here, then, was a splendid opportunity for the Chamber of Commerce: Let us charge these undesirables with the bombing, they argued. The unions will be afraid to express sympathy for men accused of such a terrible crime. In the words of the District Attorney, "We've already got the hemp stretched around their necks." We will hang these men, these organizers, strike leaders and picket chiefs. What if they *are* innocent. It will serve to terrorize the workers. The fight for the open shop will thus be won.

O the tragedy of Labor! Cowardice is thy name. The Chamber of Commerce argued well.

A month has passed, a whole month, and not a word from the craven labor chiefs of this city. Not a word in behalf of their arrested and indicted brother unionists, all members of the same American Federation of Labor, and every one of them known to be absolutely innocent of the accusation. Not a word in "Organized Labor," the organ of the powerful Building Trades; Olaf Tveitmoe, editor. Not a word in the "Labor Clarion," official weekly of the Labor Council and of

the State Federation of Labor. Not a word even in behalf of a "fair trial" by that dabbler in radicalism, Fremont Older, editor of the "liberal" daily, "The Bulletin." Every column of every local paper is now controlled by the Law and Order Committee, Older says; he is forbidden to write in behalf of decency. But why must you act the prostitute, my good Older? Are not the lives of the indicted men and woman more valuable than your cursed job?

Not a word in behalf of the arrested labor men anywhere. Only the local Anarchists and a few personal friends of the arrested had the courage to voice a protest and initiate steps for the defence of the accused.

To be sure, the police left nothing undone to stifle every voice raised in behalf of the arrested. They raided the offices of *The Blast*, and repeatedly haled the editor and his associate worker, Eleanor Fitzgerald, to police headquarters, there to be insulted and bulldozed. But their purpose to involve us in the bomb affair failed. Nor did they succeed in intimidating us into silence. With the co-operation of the local Russian, Jewish and Italian Anarchist groups, we issued a manifesto to the people under the heading, "Down with the Anarchists!" Fifty thousand copies of the leaflet were distributed from house to house, and I am sure that the calm, reasoned statement, explanatory of such occurrences as the bomb tragedy, at least to some extent served to cool popular frenzy and pave the way for a more open-minded consideration of the situation.

Emma Goldman was lecturing in San Francisco at the time. Owing to the general terror spread by the Vigilantes, the Hearst incitement to mob violence against Anarchists, and the inherent cowardice of man, the lectures were attended very poorly. Yet in spite of danger and all obstacles, the indomitable Emma succeeded in securing the first $100 for the defence and borrowing $200 more to engage counsel. But the terror that gripped every one was such that even attorneys could not be secured for these men, already tried and condemned by every paper in the city. It required weeks of strenuous effort to instil a bit of manhood and courage even in the more radical ele-

ment, till finally we succeeded in reviving the defunct International Workers' Defence League. Credit for this is due chiefly to a handful of local Anarchists who immediately organized a Workers' Aid League and by calling an open meeting practically shamed the weakened brothers into participating. It was most fortunate for our arrested friends that good old Bob Minor came to town. He immediately threw himself heart and soul into the work. Bob is too modest to say it, but I want to emphasize that it was his presence and prestige that gradually inspired a semblance of courage in the "radical" labor men and induced them to participate in the defence.

The first flush of terror over, some of the more progressive unions mustered spunk enough to send delegates to the Defence League. To the credit of the Machinists' Union be it said—Ed Nolan's local—that it voted $1,000 for the defence, without much urging. Their action will be better understood in the East when it is explained that Nolan is the best beloved man among the rank and file, and that he had succeeded in imbuing his local with something of his own brave and noble spirit.

The first trial, that of W. K. Billings, is set for September 11th. Time is very short. The prosecution, alias the Chamber of Commerce and its Law and Order Committee, are hungry for victims. They are planning another 11th of November, which they hope to exploit for the ultimate destruction of every labor organization in this city and the complete suppression of every voice of protest.

The contemplated judicial murders *must not be permitted.* The arrogance of the masters is growing past all endurance. Every penitentiary of every State in the Union holds our friends and comrades. The enemy is threatening to erect the gallows in Minnesota, in Los Angeles, in San Francisco.

How long will we tolerate this tyranny? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is the General Strike only a dream? And yet, it could open every door of every prison in the land.

LAW AND ITS LIES

By LEO TOLSTOY

LAW! Natural law, political law, civil law, criminal law, ecclesiastical law, military law, international law!

Law! What does this strange word mean? If one reasons according to the rules of common sense and defines the word "law" as it is found every where to-day, the answer is very simple and clear: To those who hold the power "law" means the permission to do what benefits the privileged classes. To all other people "law" means the permission to do what is not forbidden.

Political law is the right to take from other people the products of their labor, to send them forth to commit murders, generally called war. To the others, who are robbed of the products of their labor and who are sent to war, political law means the right to enjoy such products of their labor as have not yet been taken away from them and to stay away from war as long as they are not sent.

Civil law is the right of some individuals to possess thousands and thousands of acres of land and instruments of work, and to others, who possess neither land nor instruments of work, it is the right to sell their work and their lives, when they are starving to death, to those who possess land and capital.

Criminal law means the right that some people have to banish, imprison and hang all the individuals they consider it necessary to banish, imprison and hang; and to the men who are banished, imprisoned and hung, it means the right not to be banished, imprisoned and hung, as long as it is not considered necessary to do so by those who have the right to do it.

It is the same with international law, which to Poland, India, Bosnia and Herzogovina means the right to exist as independent countries, but only until those who possess greater armies decide otherwise.

To every person who uses common sense it is absolutely clear that what hides under the word "law" is merely the justification of the most cruel deeds of violence committed by certain individuals against others.

But the savants say: "These rights are defined by the laws." Certainly, but these laws have been invented by

the same people—emperors, kings, councilors of emperors and kings and members of parliaments, who live on violence, and who consequently defend these deeds of violence through the laws made by them. These same people execute the laws, execute them as long as they are advantageous to them. As soon as they cease to be that they make others to suit their own needs.

The matter is very simple. There are violators and victims, and the violators want to justify their deeds of violence, and, therefore, they give the name of laws to the dispositions by the means of which at a certain time they intend to commit this violence to others. And the permission which they give themselves to commit this violence and the admonishments to the oppressed to do only what is not forbidden, they call "law." And thousands and thousands of young men carefully study these follies. It would not be so bad if they were only follies, but they are worse—they are the villainies upon which the whole unjust system is based.

Millions of simple-minded people, trusting in what the "savants" tell them, submit without a murmer to this artificial life of oppression.

When a Shah of Persia, an Ivan the Terrible, a Ghengis-Khan, a Nero, torture and kill men by the thousands, it is horrible, but still it is not as bad as what the lawmakers are doing continually, because they do not kill men, but all that is sacred to men.

How is it possible to speak of the educating powers of the law when its decisions are enforced by violence, exile, prison, punishment of death—that is to say, by the most immoral acts imaginable?

To speak nowadays of the educational and ethical power of the law is the same as to speak to slaves of the ethical and educational powers of their masters.

The educational importance of the law! I do not know of any case where the effrontery, the stupidity and lies of men have reached such perfection.

The educational importance of law! It is horrible. The principal cause of the immorality in the Christian world of to-day is the abominable trumpery we call "law," and still we speak of the educational importance of the "law."

No one will deny that the most elementary demands of moral, not to speak of love, consist in not doing unto others what you do not want done unto yourself; in sympathizing with the poor and unfortunate, in pardoning the trespassers, in not stealing, in not doing anything which any reasonable man who is not depraved recognizes as evil. But what are we taught by the individuals who consider themselves the masters, the guides of others?

To consider as sacred the wealth of the great land owners, the manufacturers, the capitalists, who have acquired their wealth, either by gobbling up the land, which naturally belongs to all, or by robbing the laborers of the products of their toil because they are dependent on the capitalists, as there is no land left for them. The property of the rich is so sacred indeed that if one of the cheated and plundered individuals, goaded by hunger and cold, appropriates one-millionth of what has been stolen from him and his comrades, the law condemns him to be imprisoned and banished.

The owner of a million acres of land—that is to say, the individual who, contrary to all justice, has made his own what ought to be the property of many, and especially of those who live on the land, this owner, who has acquired his property by theft and who never ceases to steal, is found everywhere. But let one of those whom he has robbed—a poor, illiterate man made half insane by the teachings of the priests and by the whisky which the government sells him—let him go into the forest in the dark of the night armed with an axe, and chop down a tree which he needs, and he is arrested. He has violated the rights of the owners of those thousands of acres of forests. The wise judges sentence him and throw him into prison and care nothing for his family and children whom they deprived of their only support. The same thing and thousands of similar things happen in the factories.

It seems to me that moral is impossible without justice, kindness, charity, forgiveness, but these are all banished by the law.

If the judges, who know every law, human or divine, and who besides are rich and have everything they need,

think that it is just that a peasant is sent to prison and his family left to starve to death because he in his misery and ignorance has cut down a tree or taken from the factory a couple of roubles' worth of merchandise, what shall then I, who am naked, illiterate and starving, do when someone steals my horse? Have I then not a perfect right to kill him? Thus the law and the priests have done everything to make them depraved.

I myself have studied law, and I well remember how, in the second year of my studies, I was interested in the theory of law, so much indeed that I studied not only to pass an examination, but still more, in the hope that I might find an explanation of many things which seemed strange and unjust to me. But the more I penetrated into the theory of the law, the more I grew convinced that there were, in this science, things which I should never be able to understand. Little by little I came to the conclusion that either Nevotine, the author of the "Encyclopedia of Law," or I myself must be insane.

I do not advise the professors of the various branches of law, who have spent all their lives to study and teach this lie, and who believe themselves to be very useful members of society—I do not advise them to give up their nefarious work. Neither do I give this advice to the priests and archbishops, who have devoted their lives to teaching what they consider useful and necessary. But I advise all young men who are studying theology or law to give up their studies as soon as possible, before this occupation, which is not only stupifying and brutalizing but dangerous and depraving, has poisoned their whole system and killed their moral sense.

I have been asked to explain my doctrine. I never had and never will have any doctrine. I know nothing which everyone does not know. Like everyone else, like the great majority of people in all countries, I know that we are free and thinking beings in whose souls there exists a supreme law, which is very simple, very clear and very accessible to all, but which has nothing in common with the human rules which are called laws. This law, which is so simple and so accessible to all, consists in loving your neighbor as you love yourself, and in not doing unto others what you do not want done unto yourself. This

law is so natural to the human heart, it is so sensible, and its fulfillment so indisputably assures the welfare of the individual and humanity that it has been proclaimed in identical form by all the sages of the universe from Buddha, Christ and Confucius to Rousseau, Kant and modern thinkers. If it were not for the hypocritical and evil efforts of the theologians and judges to conceal this law it would a long time ago have been adopted by an immense majority, and the morals of our time would not have sunk as low as they actually have.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BOMB

By ROBERT MINOR

THE Pacific Coast has been for some time a battle ground over the antiquated question of whether the "lower class" has a right to belong to unions. The business element, after complete victory in Southern California, has swept down on San Francisco with a whooping, yelling religious fervor.

In Los Angeles it is already understood that to suggest disloyalty to an employer is an unspeakable crime. In the move to fix that moral on San Francisco, an open shop fight, which means of course the extermination of all labor organization, was started as soon as the receipts of the Exposition were safely in the cash box.

The first grand demonstration was to be a Preparedness Parade, the military spirit being of course the antithesis of the union spirit. But the labor unions scented the fact that this meant the opening of their death struggle, and fought till they had the Preparedness Parade cut down from its scheduled 150,000 to 22,000 puny, unorganized workers lined up behind their employers.

Unknown persons mailed hundreds of warnings to the authorities, newspapers and celebrities of the city to the effect that the parade would be blown up by a bomb. Those responsible for the parade were perfectly willing that their sheep should be blown up, and so they sent them to slaughter down Market Street, without letting them know of the danger. Only labor

unions took cognizance of the warnings. They being satisfied with complete victory over "Preparedness," notified their members that some such act had been threatened and that the blame for such a thing must be kept from the door of labor by complete inactivity and silent contempt for the parade.

Somebody blew up the parade, or rather tried to, and merely slaughtered many bystanders. The Chamber of Commerce was delighted. One of the most prominent millionaire thugs was overheard to say, "This is a fine opportunity for the open shop fight."

The governmental power was frankly turned over to tools and ex-tools of the United Railways, and the most vigorous and murderous assault is in full swing to knock simple unionism on the head by using this event to cow all who might resist. Ever since the McNamara case it has been easy to put to trembling silence any unionist on the Coast by suggesting that his friends were seen in an alley with a suit case. Suit cases are on the brain right now. The public will believe any dynamite story it hears if a suit case is mentioned. It is only for that reason that a suit case is made to figure in this affair.

District Attorney Fickert, originally put into office as the flunkey of the United Railways to save their crooks from the penitentiary, together with Detective Swanson, also from the United Railways, picked out exactly the four union men who had fought hardest against the United Railways recently. Tom Mooney, organizer of the recent strike attempt, as well as his wife, Edward D. Nolan, Israel Weinberg and W. K. Billings were stuck in jail without evidence. The prosecution succeeded to get witnesses who would testify to anything they wanted. A Spanish War veteran who saw the suit case which was placed at the scene of the explosion, but which was probably not the container of the bomb was assaulted by the District Attorney and thrown out of his office, because the man whom he saw place the suit case was obviously not anything like the union man they wanted to fasten it on.

A prominent citizen (we don't give a damn about prominent citizens, but the public does) was an eye

witness to the actual bomb throwing. But his testimony proves absolutely that the union men didn't do it, and therefore he is ignored, though probably not terrorized or assaulted as were all other legitimate witnesses, because of his position.

The Chamber of Commerce's arrest of union men was successful in terrorizing labor to almost the last man, till they were afraid to stir a finger in behalf of their brothers. But the International Workers' Defense League, veterans at such things, came out of obscurity and championed the cause. Pestered by spies, members sweated—on borrowed pennies they fought to get a hearing, at least, for the union men. The newspapers are always crooked, but in this particular case it would amaze even a "cynical" red to see the audacity with which they lied. It was so unanimous that the editors took courage in their numbers and frankly told us, face to face, that they wouldn't print anything that didn't have the approval of the Committee on Law and Order of the Chamber of Commerce. One newspaper man of high position on a conservative paper came to me, secretly, to say, "I am writing every day under orders, in a way deliberately calculated to hang those men; and they are not guilty."

The District Attorney gives out interviews saying that he has the hemp stretched around the necks of those union men and that they are beyond doubt guilty. Meanwhile, knowing that he lied, he is trying to rush the case too quickly for the defendants to get witnesses and trying to crush the Defense League through mysterious, underground persecutions, as well as open arrests and slanders. We have blocked him to the extent of getting all of the men represented in court and of demonstrating to some of the unions that the men are not guilty and getting them to send delegates to our defense league, as well as money.

But the fight is desperately on. The murderous assault by Hearst's and other newspapers upon everything that savored of decency and liberalism has made it appear to the public that a union card is the same as a confession to murder.

The very universal character of the assault, (in the midst of the Waiters' strike, for instance, arresting a

union picket without any reason except to make the public think the Waiters' union was implicated in dynamiting), has forced a number of unions to recognize this as a labor fight.

Edward D. Nolan's personality is so big (he is of the very best type of free-minded, aggressive labor man), that his Machinists' Lodge broke the leash of fear and gave $1,000 to his defense. So wonderful is this man's hold on the trust and friendship of all who know him, that the Powers are getting afraid to hold him. It is grimly amusing that they can't let him go without breaking their "conspiracy" chain, so they are planning to let him wait to the last. There is really not one iota of evidence against him or any of the others. They will quickly get the others while the unions are stupified by wholesale murder charges, and then send him down the chute greased with the blood of the other men and the woman.

But the beautiful phenomenon, seen so often in labor cases, has come to light, that one man, Edward Nolan, absolutely refuses to be favored above his brothers.

The prosecutor saw from the beginning that the victims would escape if they had any competent defense, so they have actually had the gall to try to keep good lawyers from taking the case. But one big criminal lawyer was not to be bluffed. Convinced by the legal defense committee that the men are being "framed," he has taken the defense of the five defendants for a fee below his usual charge. This one fact has demoralized the prosecution.

Now we must pay for the lawyers. And the expenses of finding out the witnesses from the obscurity to which the newspaper and official persecution have driven them, are tremendous.

MEXICO STRIKERS MAY GET DEATH PENALTY

Los Angeles, August 16, 1916.

DEAR EMMA:

We have great news from Mexico, as you may see from enclosed clipping:

"El Paso, Texas, August 11—The text of a decree wherein First Chief Carranza evokes the death penalty against the strikers who paralyzed Mexico City through a general electric strike, appears in copies arriving here to-day at El Pueblo, a daily published in the capital.

"In tying up the transportation, plunging the city in darkness and cutting off its water supply, the strike is held by Carranza to be no strike at all, but an act of pure treachery against his government whose enemies will receive encouragement by it.

"Carranza's decree amplifies the law of 1862, dealing with public disorders. It threatens with death those connected in any way with the strike. Not only are those who preside at strike meetings, advocate strikes, or persuade others from working, either by eloquence or by threats, amenable to this act, but even those who fail to leave strike meetings on learning their object.

"The strike was declared on July 31 by the confederation of syndicates. The paper, dated August 3, gives a list of the leaders then in prison on the charge of rebellion. It said that the strike was assisted by North American syndikates and that it stopped work in the arms and munition factories which was construed as treachery to the de facto government."

Carranza has played the radical since he was in Vera Cruz last year and has succeeded in fooling so many people into the belief that he is a staunch supporter of Labor; so much so that even radicals like Lincoln Steffens have taken him as a true friend of the workingmen. In fact, Carranza as a wise politician has played upon the feelings of the Mexican people. He has talked radicalism and acted radically while he needed their support and then he went back on those he petted. As all shrewd politicians, he scented the popular atmosphere. He found it surcharged with radical sentiment and to gain the popular support he played the radical himself. He paid money out of his own pocket to labor agitators to go from town to town and organize unions, establishing the Casas del Obrero Mundial (Homes for

the Workers of the World or International Labor Temples); he even organized Modern Schools. He gave the working men of Mexico City the palatial building of the Jockey Club that was the gathering place of the Mexican aristocracy under Diaz, situated in the heart of the rich business and residential section of the city.

Carranza instigated, through his hired labor agitators, many strikes which were won through his official interference on behalf of the workers, and to cap the climax he gave the workers churches for meeting places and Modern Schools. No wonder the workers swallowed the fake and formed armed regiments which they call the "Red Battalions" and then went to lay their lives on the battlefield for Carranza's cause, to gain power for him. Almost every soldier from the "Red Battalion" was a socialist. The majority was radical and quite a number were anarchistic. All were fooled by Carranza's radicalism.

As soon as Carranza felt himself the master of the situation, he kicked overboard his old friends the working men. When he was recognized by Wilson last year he considered it safe to shake off the workers. His first step was to take away the pecuniary support he was giving to the official organ of the International Labor Temple in Mexico City, Casas del Obrero de Mexico and the paper died. Then he drove from the fashionable Jockey Club the ragged workers and he prosecuted them for doing the very things he approved of when he needed their support.

Things turned as we predicted within a short time of our prophecy. The people began to change against Carranza. Then came the Villa raid. The people again rushed to rally under Carranza's banner to resist the invasion from Wall Street and Carranza grew stronger than ever. He played the patriot and Mexico *en masse* was his. But Carranza, tied to Wall Street by financial interests, sent Obregon to El Paso for the Scott-Obregon conference. Carranza thus became stronger than the United States Army. He could have forced Wall Street to chew its own crow and bring back Pershing's "Punative Expedition." We exposed this connivance between Wilson and

Carranza. The people saw the point and went to the mountains with their arms, all furnished by Carranza while playing the patriot.

Carranza began to lose power. He was at the mercy of Zapata in the South, Villa in the North and hemmed in on all sides by thousands of independent gorillas who had neither guard nor master, and Carranza began once more through his papers to smear honey over the people's mouths. The people went on strike and the result was the Carranza Ukase, as represented in the clipping I am sending you. This appeared in "El Pueblo," the paper from Mexico City, a semi-official paper of Carranza's.

This news will shock many American radicals who thought Carranza a good man. Much to my surprise I found many of these radicals, some of them who even call themselves anarchists, who believe in Carranza, who tell us that we ought to accept his regime and then educate the people so they may understand our ideal of communist anarchism. It is so funny to hear radicals wax warm in behalf of government. They will now see by Carranza's own order that he is as cruel a tyrant as any other tyrant. If he is able to do such a heinous thing now before he is quite secure in the government saddle, what may he not do if he becomes the paternal benevolent Government itself?

The "ignorance" of the Mexican peasants (the peon) is the best soil for our ideals, inasmuch as their minds are not spoiled by the so-called education of the capitalist civilization. The minds of the educated people are full of prejudice and atavisms, while the "ignorant" peon's mind is so pure and pliable and so close to the earth, they can grasp an idea much quicker than learned mathematicians or parlor philosophers.

We received the money you sent us and already put it into the pockets of the Express Company, as we have to patronize it or suppress our weapon, "Regeneracion." Now that the Mexican spirit is strong and bold because the people are armed, it is high time for us to come with our ideas to them. A

man in peace is conservative and therefore often a coward. He is even too lazy to think, but once forced by circumstances to pick up a rifle he becomes bold in thought and in deed; so it is time for us to go hungry if need be to give to our people mental food with our propaganda, for they are in the right state of mind to receive our ideals without flinching and to strike severe blows to the present institutions that they regard as holy in time of peace.

Our love and greetings from this little colony to you, Emma.

Fraternally and affectionately,

ENRIQUE FLORES MAGON.

STRAY THOUGHTS

By EMMA GOLDMAN

ON THE 22nd of July, after a week's strenuous work in San Francisco, I went to visit my old comrade Alexander Berkman, and his co-worker, Eleanor Fitzgerald. We were chatting pleasantly about the past, New York, the work in MOTHER EARTH office, and various other things, when the telephone rang. Berkman went to the 'phone and we continued our conversation, but suddenly we realized in the replies of our friend that something serious had happened. We learned the truth only too soon. A bomb had been exploded during the Preparedness parade, a number of people killed and many wounded. Involuntarily, I exclaimed, "I hope we anarchists will not again be held responsible," but my hope was in vain. The very first extras which greeted me on the way to my apartment contained the usual glaring headlines, "Anarchist Bomb! All Anarchists must be driven out of town, etc., etc."

On the evening of the 22nd I spoke on Preparedness. The subject was originally announced for the 20th, but on that night an anti-preparedness mass meeting took place, addressed by a number of well-known men and women in San Francisco. Not wishing to conflict with these people, I postponed my lec-

ture for the 22nd. I did not know at the time how fortunate it was to do so. Had I spoken on Preparedness on the night scheduled I should now be in the hands of the San Francisco authorities, held responsible for the bomb tragedy.

The Hearst rag, *The Examiner*, tried hard to involve those who spoke at the anti-preparedness meeting, but it failed. After all, it is not easy to lay blame upon the shoulders of a Banker, a Rabbi and a Suffragist; but it would not have been very difficult to hold an Anarchist responsible. What are anarchists for? Thus the kind fairies watched over me that time, but it was a narrow escape.

On the evening of the 22nd there were more detectives than people at my meeting. The atmosphere was tense, but I refused to mince matters. The tragedy of the day spoke more powerfully than all theories that Preparedness means violence and war; that it leads to universal slaughter. The sponsors of the Preparedness Parade had been notified through a series of letters weeks in advance that something violent would happen should the Preparedness Parade take place. The police and some of the papers received similar letters, yet these patriots and lovers of the people permitted the parade to go on, deliberately exposing the people of San Francisco to danger and death. The unscrupulous, cold-blooded indifference to human life on the part of those who staged the parade is only a foretaste of the criminal indifference that the spirit of military preparedness leads to.

Nothing happened at my meeting, nor at any of the other meetings, except that the presence of the detectives and the blood-curdling stories in the papers terrorized the people away. Most human beings lack courage even in peaceful times and when anything out of the ordinary happens people become too frightened even to satisfy their curiosity. From the 22nd of July until the 6th of August the meetings were attended only by the very few faithful, except the meetings in Berkeley and Oakland. They brought out large audiences. The one in Berkeley was arranged by my friends, Stella Warden Smith, Mollie Price Cook and Mr. Dansford; the other by our comrade Rosenthal.

In both cities the press, the preachers and the respectable ladies urged the police not to let me speak. In Oakland especially the good people urged, threatened and cajoled the chief of police to keep out Emma Goldman. I understand now why this man (Mr. Peterson is his name) should be a thorn in the eye of the Puritans. A chief of police who does not believe in driving women of the street into the river and who stands by Free Speech must needs be an obnoxious element.

No one can realize the torture of speaking night after night on some theoretical subject in the face of a grave actuality and under the constant surveillance of police, but there was nothing else to do than to hold out to the very end. My meetings were the only public expression against the vicious campaign of extermination begun by the police at the command of the Chamber of Commerce and through the incitement of that mad dog Billy Hearst. The Chamber of Commerce is evidently eager to go down in American history as a similar organization which began its sinister crusade against labor in 1887 and ended with the murder of the Chicago anarchists on the 11th of November that same year. Just as in those days, a fund of a hundred thousand dollars had been raised to break the spirit of the eight hour movement and to exterminate the revolutionary element of the labor movement, so in San Francisco, in the year of our Lord, 1916, the members of the Chamber of Commerce and the Law and Order League are at work now.

Several weeks previous to the Preparedness Parade, during the strike of the Longshoremen, the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce issued a public ultimatum, declaring war on Organized Labor. At the mass meeting of Big Business, held under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, the Employers threw down the gauntlet to Labor. The chairman of the meeting was Frederick J. Koster, President of the Chamber of Commerce, and Captain Robert Dollar, of the Ship Owners' Association, who expressed himself in these drastic words: "The only way to settle the strike is to send several ambulance-loads of strikers to the hospital." A Law and Order Committee of a hun-

dred was elected, with F. J. Koster as chairman, and Captain Dollar as one of its most efficient members. A fund of $1,000,000 was pledged to fight the unions and to turn San Francisco into an Open Shop town like Los Angeles.

This is an identical repetition of what happened in Chicago in the famous Haymarket days. Just at that time the police authorities did the bidding of their masters, and today the authorities of San Francisco are falling over each other to serve those who pay them for their dirty work. They have instigated a Reign of Terror which makes one realize how little progress we have really made in this country. The anarchists must needs be the first victims; thus every anarchist in San Francisco at all known to the police became a marked man, subject to the brutality of the police. Wholesale arrests were undertaken of people whose crime consisted in having associated with anarchists, or having radical views on any subject. Within a few days after the 22nd of July a number of men and women in the labor movement were in the hands of the authorities. Of these a fellow by the name of Ryan and Kasten and Mrs. Belle Lavin, known as a very brave woman, were released, but not until they were subjected to the Third Degree, the famous American method of torturing people into confessing things they know nothing about.

Ed Nolan, one of the tenderest and bravest men on the coast; Thomas Mooney and his wife, our comrade Weinberg and W. K. Billings were kept *incommunicado* for ten days and tortured beyond endurance. They might still be, for all the corrupt labor leaders of San Francisco have done for them. As usual, it was left for the anarchists to raise a cry of protest and to collect money to start a campaign for the victims of the Yellow Press and the brutal police. Later, the Machinist Union voted its confidence in Ed Nolan and one thousand dollars for his defence. The Millmen's Union, of which Thomas Mooney is a member, and the Jitney Drivers' Union, in behalf of Weinberg, voted their confidence in the innocence of the brothers. No doubt other unions will come to the fore, but the big guns, the McCarthys and their

flunkeys, what about them? Are the workers good enough only to satisfy the greed and vanity of their leaders? Again the sinister similarity between 1887 in Chicago and 1916 in San Francisco. Then it was Powderly who played the craven part in denying the men who belonged to the various labor organizations. Do the mis-leaders of Labor mean to do the same? It almost looks like it, in view of the fact that they have done absolutely nothing in the way of a protest against the Russian methods used on the men now in jail.

On the other hand, they made haste to invite an Archbishop to address the Labor Day celebration. I suppose to clear their own skirts and to prove how respectable and God-fearing they are. The farce of it! Of course, people who deny their own kind, who remain silent when men they have known and worked with are in danger, are not likely to show common humanity to an anarchist, no matter how great the outrages perpetrated upon him.

Our friend Alexander Berkman is comparatively new in San Francisco. His position is, therefore, very trying and very grave. The police probably knew that when they raided *The Blast* office, ransacked the house for four hours in succession and dragged off everything they could lay their hands on, including the copy of the California list of MOTHER EARTH subscribers. Perhaps the police expected no protest whatever when they dragged our two friends, Berkman and Fitzie, to headquarters and sweated them for six hours, but the police found themselves baffled by the cool serenity of our brave comrades and by the announcement that there will be a fight to the finish if anything should happen to our comrades; that E. G. would put up headquarters in San Francisco to carry on the fight and publish *The Blast* against all odds.

Whether this had any effect upon the District Attorney, I do not know, but it seems that he realized the futility and stupidity of connecting *The Blast* office with the event of the 22nd of July, so for the time being our friends are not molested; but the Blast must not be permitted to die. Now, more than ever, it is absolutely needed. It is the only voice on the coast

that will speak boldly in behalf of the men who are to be tried. It is the only medium which will prevent, if possible, the repetition of the judicial murder of 1887. I strongly urge MOTHER EARTH readers to help sustain *The Blast;* to send contributions to Alexander Berkman, 569 Dolores Street San Francisco, or to Mother Earth office.

I closed my article last month with these words: "Now, in San Francisco the invigorating, with one week of splendid meetings behind me and two weeks still ahead." Yes, two weeks still ahead, but they were terrible weeks, anxious weeks; heart-breaking weeks, and yet I am glad I held out. I am glad I was able, even in a small measure to help arouse interest in our imprisoned friends and to get together a few to begin the task of their defence. The most active among them is Robert Minor. He was in Los Angeles when the tragedy occurred on July 22nd. We knew he could do much in San Francisco. He came as soon as he was called and has since been fast at work. Thus, Nolan, the Mooneys, Billings and Weinberg will now have adequate defence. McNutt, who once defended Mooney and who is an able lawyer, has been secured. Money will be needed. Send your contribution at once to Robert Minor, care of The Blast, or Mother Earth.

Nothing must be spared to save our friends. They are absolutely innocent; even the District Attorney knows it. As a matter of fact, he has now switched off from the 22nd and is trying to involve the men for their crime of having attempted to organize the street car men. In other words, the District Attorney of San Francisco is now carrying out the mandates of the United Railway Company and the Chamber of Commerce, and what better pretext can he have to accomplish his aim than by hanging a few Labor leaders? But it must not be permitted. Surely, we have not lived in vain during the last thirty years, when a packed jury, perjured testimony and the blood-thirsty howl of the Press have done to death five great men. Let us prove that we have really progressed, that a second Black Friday shall not be.

As to the tragic act of the 22nd, who can say what

pains and suffering, what struggle and despair are back of that one solitary act? The earth has been deluged with blood; human sacrifice piled up upon one another in the European War reach on to the very heavens. The maimed and killed in the industrial conflict of this wide land are growing daily more numerous. How infinitesimal is that lone act of July 22nd compared with it all. Who is to blame? The Anarchists? Nonsense. The criminal indifference to human life. The worship of the Golden Calf. The madness for power. The degradation and humiliation of man are to blame for it. Sometimes the worm turns, and if it does it strikes out blindly and sends terror into the craven hearts of the despoilers of the earth.

Revolt! Still revolt! Revolt! . . . . .
(Not songs of loyalty alone are these,
But songs of insurrection, also;
For I am the sworn poet of every dauntless rebel the world over,
And he going with me leaves peace and routine behind him
And stakes his life, to be lost at any moment.) . .
Revolt! And the bullet for tyrants!
Did we think victory great?
So it is. But now it seems to me when it cannot be helped
That defeat is great,
And that death and dismay are great.

—Walt Whitman.

After San Francisco it was a relief to come to Portland, so quiet and peaceful, at least in appearance, for here, too, the reactionary forces are at work underneath the quiet. We had four good meetings and we met our dear friends C. E. S. Wood, Katherine Beck, "Rosie," Nunia and ever-faithful Pauline Cantor.

Seattle will be next, and the final stop will be Denver. I will open there September 10th for a course of lectures on Russian Literature and four general topics. For information, tickets and cards, write to Ellen A. Kennan, 1301 Logan Street. Mail will also reach me there.

We have issued a manifesto, "Down with the Anarchists." It ought to receive a wide circulation. Send to *The Blast* for copies. Already the authorities in San Francisco considered the manifesto dangerous enough to arrest a number of our comrades for distributing it.

EMMA GOLDMAN—THE INVIGORATING—IN PORTLAND

By DAISY D. ROSS

UPON radical thinkers—who—like myself—are compelled for economic reasons to spend eight hours of every day in the depressingly respectable and commonplace atmosphere of a business office, hearing Miss Goldman talk has much the same effect as a glass of fine, old wine. I sit and listen—growing more and more excited and stimulated with each powerful sentence of hers, until finally, I feel that I can sit quietly no longer, but just must give expression somehow to the surge of thought and feeling she awakens. This year she seemed bigger than ever, and, as if in reaction from the inertia of last year, her audiences were better and more interested and on her opening night when she spoke on "Anarchism and Human Nature"—the hall was filled to its seating capacity. I think most people whose study of and interest in Anarchism has been induced by Miss Goldman's spoken or written word, were most eager to hear this lecture, in order to answer for themselves some of the questions that surge and crowd upon each other when one tries to imagine the transition from an enslaved to an emancipated human race. It is easy to see that the natural instinct of Man is to be free, and that therefore real Human Nature and the ideal of Anarchism strike a beautiful harmony. But the human nature we know whose outstanding trait is selfishness, based upon the primal instinct of self-preservation—how *that* human nature is to be led to accept an ideal which teaches the highest form of unselfishness—an unselfishness which does *not* include self-sacrifice—until a complete transformation, through evolution, has taken place

—that is, it seems to me one of the huge stumbling blocks to the average earnest student. It was a disappointment to me that Miss Goldman did not dwell at length upon this point in her lecture, but the points she did bring out were so stimulating, so clear, and beautiful, that one felt it was a pity the whole world could not hear and see.

The second lecture on "The Gary System" in the public schools, showed the speaker at her best. Every one knows that Emma Goldman is a well educated woman in the very biggest and best sense of that much-abused term. But I think I make a safe guess when I say that very little of her education was derived from the public schools. The audience, composed largely of teachers and educators, listened with intense interest to her exposé of the newest form of capitalistic plunder, "The Gary System," and at the close of the lecture, fairly fired their questions at her. Since the lecturer bases the success of each lecture upon the interest shown in this "open meeting" part of the evening, I am sure Miss Goldman must have felt this evening to be a great success.

The talk on "Preparedness" was not largely attended, which was a pity. I wished every man and woman in Portland, especially every *working* man and woman, might have heard her powerful denunciation of this preparation which the speaker took to be not so much a preparedness for war with a foreign foe, as for the safeguarding of the life and interests of Capitalism, in case of a social revolution, and to better meet the prevailing note of industrial interest manifesting itself everywhere amongst the exploited.

The last of her lectures on "Birth Control" was well attended. As Ben said, "Portland is already on the map as a Birth Control town," so the crowd which came was expected, as a matter of course. Possibly also, a few of those who came, expected some of the recent Margaret Sanger excitement, in the way of arrests. But if so, they were disappointed.

Portland *almost* wakes up once a year,—when Emma Goldman comes to town. At other times it seems the radical element is almost hopelessly inert and sleepy.

"Big Ben" was there with his books and his big personality. We were glad he got out of jail in time to be present, for surely Miss Goldman's meetings would not seem quite complete without him.

And so we will look forward to next year's intellectual feast, trusting that in the intervening months, we may be able to retain at least a spark of the enthusiasm her message and her personality bring to us.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

THE DIFFERENCE

Whoever says anarchy, says denial of government;
Whoever says denial of government, says affirmation of the people;
Whoever says affirmation of the people, says individual liberty;
Whoever says individual liberty, says the sovereignty of each;
Whoever says the sovereignty of each, says equality;
Whoever says equality, says solidarity;
Whoever says solidarity, says social order;
Therefore, whoever says anarchy, says social order.
On the contrary:
Whoever says government, says denial of the people;
Whoever says denial of the people, says affirmation of political authority;
Whoever says affirmation of political authority, says individual subordination;
Whoever says individual subordination, says class supremacy;
Whoever says class supremacy, says inequality;
Whoever says inequality, says antagonism;
Whoever says antagonism, says civil war;
Therefore, whoever says government, says civil war.—

—A Bellegargue.

* * *

"The community that will not allow its humblest citizen to freely express his opinion, no matter how false or odious the opinion may be, is only a gang of slaves."—

—Wendell Phillips.

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